UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Doubt—Religious Asset or Liability?

By Louis L. Mann

Absorptive Religion - *Joseph Ernest McAfee*

American Notes - - - - - *Sydney Strong*

What Can Be Done About These Merchants of War? - *Brent Dow Allinson*

New Shrines—Old Gods - *Lola Maverick Lloyd*

If I Were a Christian - - *Myron W. Jacobs*

Free Speech and the "Isms" - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Gilbert Oberweiser*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Heroes of Peace

A Memorial Address

[Given under the auspices of Peace Heroes Memorial Society in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 30th, 1935—by Bishop Reverdy C. Ransom.]

Today, from Arlington Cemetery to our burial grounds throughout the Nation, thousands will go to do honor to the men who, with cannon, with sword and with fire waged destructive warfare, shedding blood, pillaging houses, sacking cities and ravaging with destruction the fair countryside. Throughout the Nation, our parks and public squares are dotted with monuments of heroic size, erected to perpetuate the memory of men whom we glorify for deeds of heroism where flag and bugle called them to lock arms with death in the violent tides of battle. In their honor our government has made this a National Holiday.

While we do not honor less, the men who, under arms, offered the supreme sacrifice, we have come here today to pay equal honor to the Heroes of Peace.

These men and women were neither trained, drilled, nor mustered into a service offering promotion, recognition, or reward. They belonged to the ranks of the plain people who, unnoticed, quietly followed the ordinary pursuits of life in the paths of peace. They had character, courage and undreamed of power of self-forgetfulness. Without tap of drum, or bugle blast, or order of command, they suddenly rose to the ranks of heroes, when without thought of personal danger, they risked their life to save another life, or to avert threatened danger or disaster.

These heroes of peace reveal the true superiority and beauty of the human spirit. The artificial distinctions of wealth, race, class, and creed, were all erased in the revealing light of a crisis that called for instant decision and action.

The Bible has a long list of names that are recorded as heroes of ancient Jewish history; among whom are Sampson and Deborah, Gideon and Beniah, the son of Jehoiada, who slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day. But our heroes who sleep here gave their lives to save a human life from death. They did not lose their lives, they found

(*Continued on page* 159)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXV MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1935 No. 8

THE ICELANDIC NATIONAL ANTHEM

The Icelandic national anthem, "O gud vors lands!" O Landets Gud!—We pray our God! was written for the millennial celebrations of 1874, commemorating the founding of the island. The verses were contributed by Iceland's distinguished patriot-poet, Mathias Jochumsen, and the music by her outstanding musician, Sv. Sveinbjornsson, whose works were also in prominence at the millennial celebrations of 1930. The literal translation of the verses is:

O God of all things we bless and
Praise Thy holy name,
Starry heavens stretched forth by Thy hand
A garland eternal doth frame.
Unto Thee is a day like a thousand years,
A thousand years only a day—
Eternity's flowerlet with tremulous tears
Doth bless Thee and praise Thee alway.
Iceland's thousand years and
Thousand years only a day.
Eternity's flowerlet doth bless Thee alway.

In that remarkable look into the future, "The Shape of Things to Come," by H. G. Wells, the author presents a study of Woodrow Wilson in his attempts to pull together and reorganize the shattered fabric of the world after the vast disaster of the Great War. He pays tribute to President Wilson's idealism—his purpose, design, and real endeavor. "Of all the delegates at the Peace Conference," says Mr. Wells, "the American President, Woodrow Wilson, was the most susceptible to the intimations of the future." But, he goes on to say, Wilson "had not the slightest inkling of the gigantic proportions, the intricacy, intimacy and profundity, of the task that was opening before him. *He attempted to patch up the outworn system of his time and pass it off as a new one.*" In this statement do we not have a not unfair characterization not only of the work of Woodrow Wilson yesterday in the international field, but also of the work of President Roosevelt today in the national field? In both cases we are conscious of the confusion precipitated in our minds by the spectacle of noble vision and heroic spirit matched by no wisdom of action thorough-going enough to cast off an old and broken-down system of society and replace it with something new. Both these great men undertook to save a broken world from ruin; and both men revived the hopes of humankind, when hope seemed dead. But both men, either because of lack of intellectual grasp, or because of failure of spiritual vision, stopped far short of the drastic, revolutionary measures which could alone meet the exigencies of a desperate situation. Wilson took the international world that dropped to pieces in 1914, and tried to put it together again in 1918-1919. Roosevelt took the nation that stopped functioning in 1932, and tried to get it going again in his first year of administration. Both patched up the out-worn systems of their times, and then tried to pass off the result as something new. And they actually succeeded for a time, in feeble measure, in restoring what had so completely broken down! But Wilson's revamped international imperialism is now crashing straight into another war, and Roosevelt's revamped national capitalism has already, in the Supreme Court decision, crashed to ruin. Alas, for so much magnificently attempted, even accomplished, and all in the end for nought!

The Supreme Court presents a problem on which we feel that people should be more reasonable. Especially should liberals and radicals, it seems to us, establish some kind of consistency within themselves as to whether this august tribunal is good or bad. Thus, whenever there comes a decision which progressively-minded persons do not like, such as the decision on the railroad pension legislation or the NRA, for example, there is lifted a loud chorus of denunciation mingled with ridicule. We hear much talk of 5 to 4 decisions, or, in the case of unanimous decisions, of constitutional amendments, and frequent contemptuous reference to "old men" (though the freest and boldest mind on the bench, Judge Brandeis, is the oldest among his colleagues). We are told that a two-thirds vote should be necessary to invalidate a law, that the Court should be packed and the old-fogies thus outvoted, that the Court should even be done away with altogether. Nothing is too severe to be said of this highest tribunal in the land when it has declared a progressive statute unconstitutional. Then, suddenly, there comes a decision of another kind. This same Supreme Court saves the Scottsboro boys from a hideously unjust death; it takes the first effective step ever taken for the freeing of Tom

Mooney; it protects the freedom of the press from violation in the Minnesota case. Immediately, as though by some kind of magic, the chorus changes. Now it is acclaim, not blame. The Supreme Court is the palladium of our liberties, our last bulwark against oppression, our defense of the government from outward assault and inward decay. All of which seems to us to be absurd! There is simply no sense, certainly no fair play, in denouncing the Court when it turns against us, and applauding this same Court when it sustains our cause. We must either take it, or leave it—take it and face the dangers of a repressive hand laid heavily upon the powers of a free people, or leave it and face the dangers of a free people left unhampered to wreak their stupidity and passion upon any helpless individual or group they please. We simply can't have this thing both ways. We must make up our mind what we want, and then be content with whatever ill this choice may bring along. For ourselves, we feel that the Supreme Court has its uses. Reactionary decisions can all be overcome and changed in course of time. Meanwhile, there stands the Court to safeguard law and the constitutional rights of men.

We count it a good sign that the pacifists are beginning to assess personal responsibility in this war business. A. A. Milne didn't hesitate to do this in his remarkable book, "Peace With Honor," in which he named the heads of governments and said that if these men were Milnes, if they had his own abhorrence of war and his will to end it forthwith, there would be no war. Storm Jameson and her illustrous confreres, in the recent symposium volume, "Challenge to Death," do much the same thing in their frank discussion of "the official mind" and their analysis of the political will to war that enters into every conflict. In the concerted attack upon the munition-makers this last year, in book and press and official inquiry, a conspicuous feature of agitation has been the naming of these "merchants of death." Of course, war as a social phenomenon originates in causes altogether outside the area of any individual life, just as its control passes beyond the influence of any single person or group of persons. It is useless to talk of war except as a product of certain given conditions in the world of economic and political relationships which seem inextricably involved in the very structure of our civilization. Yet is it impossible to remove utterly the human factor. Psychological as well as social forces are at work in this dread horror of arms. And always, at the moment of crisis at least, there is the human will determining the destiny of a nation or a continent. No war is ever declared, in other words, except by the deliberate decision of men. Somebody determines a policy, issues an order, speaks a word, which hurls humanity into the pit of doom. Why should this "somebody" escape responsibility? If men are punished for individual offenses why not for social offenses? If for murder done in some blind heat of passion, why not for the collective murder of war done in the cool calculation of administrative action? It is something of this sort that the "Outlawry of War" has in mind in making war a crime, and *the war-maker therefore a criminal.* Government, after all, is not an impersonal entity. It is composed of a man or men, and its action is the action of men. Some day some man, or men, will refuse to declare war, and then the horror will be done away.

When we want to have a good bath of melancholic depression—indulge ourselves to the uttermost in cynicism and pessimism—we remind ourself that the War of 1914 was fought "to make the world safe for democracy." Of course, as a matter of fact, the conflict never had any issue of democracy at all. It was simply and solely a struggle between two vast imperialistic interests, long maturing in alliances, policies of preparedness, etc., for the economic mastery of the world. The powers concerned had no more thought of democracy than of Christian Science, birth control, or the nurture of gold fish. But the people had to be persuaded there was something in it for them, and so the propagandists talked about democracy and peace, and in this holy cause led the millions to the slaughter. And now the fight is over, and the dead are dead, and conspicuous among the casualties is this democracy for which the world was going to be made safe! Eighty per cent of the peoples of the earth, we are told, are now living under various forms of absolute autocracies, and even in such countries as England and America, where democracy still lingers, it is in dire hazard. Of course, war and democracy are necessarily antithetical. War can never safeguard democracy, but must always weaken or destroy it. This is as elementary as A, B, C! Yet it was the great leaders of democracy, the outstanding liberal minds in Britain and the United States, who taught us that we were serving the interests of democracy by killing Germans in battle! Woodrow Wilson gave us the whole law and gospel of this idea in his pro-war speeches and papers. Charles William Eliot undertook to prove that war was good for democracy as an occasional testing of its virility and power. Nicholas Murray Butler turned traitor to all his pacifist principles in preaching that war and democracy were blood brothers. In England, Premier Asquith, Viscount Grey, Professor Gilbert Murray, and numerous others deceived themselves and the people into the same silly delusion. What wonder that democracy is discredited, liberalism bankrupt, and our "best minds" a ghastly joke! We understand why the proletariat are throwing bourgeois intelligence overboard, and following their own native instincts.

Absorptive Religion

Religion for living men must itself be alive. It must grow with the widening knowledge of those whose ideas it would mold. It must expand with the civilization the destinies of which it seeks to guide.

This expansiveness Christianity has manifested in a remarkable degree. Two forces, more or less in opposition, have always been at work in the organism. One resists all change, and seeks to hold the system to a rigid stereotype. The other is strong for innovation, the introduction of new ideas. The former seems most often at a given time and place to be supreme, but the latter wins signal triumphs in the long run, often after protracted delay.

In every age more or less aggressive prophets arise, usually to be promptly slain by the generation in which they appear. Succeeding generations seek out their neglected sepulchers, paint these tombs a glistening white, and laud the deeds and doctrines of those whom the fathers persecuted. The very force which initially resists, later turns the innovation into a new stereotype. The heresy of yesterday becomes the rigid orthodoxy of today.

This process has been going on interminably throughout the history of Christianity. It is undoubtedly hard on the prophets who must endure the buffeting and slaughter, but out of their woes springs perennial life for the religion. Were it not for the ever-renewed vitality which the system thus gains Christianity would long ago have been a curious relic and its forms and symbols but the furniture of museums.

The season through which we are now passing is an ever fresh reminder of this marvelous absorptive capacity of the Christian religion. As it has spread from its original locus in the Levant, first to Egypt and westward in Asia Minor, then throughout the ancient Roman Empire, and in later centuries to all parts of the world, it has itself been modified by the cultures which it has remolded or supplanted.

This has gone forward to such an extent that practically all of the forms and symbols and even standards of conduct now incorporated in the Christian system can be traced to origins which have no relation to the primary source. Only highly potent germinal ideas abide from the elemental impulse. These have given the system its capacity for perennial adaptation and expansion.

Indeed, it is quite impossible for any one today to say just what Christianity is, and so to shape his definition that it will be acceptable to all or very many of the great variety of individuals and sects who claim a common allegiance to the system.

Yet this absorption of formerly alien ideas and symbols into itself has been so effectual that real origins are rarely recognized and identified; all now embraced under the name goes for Christianity. Few who devoutly celebrate the Easter festival are conscious that the very name commonly designating it is that of an old Saxon divinity. The symbols of the old nature worship of northwestern Europe are still retained. The egg and the chick and the rabbit, so much in evidence in connection with Easter celebrations, are the symbols of the fecundity of nature.

Far back of the Christian festival is the Hebrew Passover, some conceptions from which have been carried over into the Christian celebration. And, old as is that Hebrew ceremonial, there are origins still more remote. The Passover celebrates the redemption of Israel from Egyptian bondage. But the plea of Moses to the Egyptian Pharaoh was that his people might retire for a time to observe an already sacred feast of their religion.

Every religion destined to survive must have this absorptive, expansive quality. A fixed stereotype is the doom of any religious system. It should spread profounder meaning through its observances. Only so can its adherents realize that through it we enter into fellowship with aspiring souls of countless names and associations through all the ages.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

American Notes*

Traveling "Third Class" Across the American Continent.

Traveling "third class" in England and in Europe is quite the common custom with Americans. The reasons are many. "Third class" is the way the mass of travellers go, it is cheaper and is considered to be as comfortable as may be necessary. When Americans, even those who go "third class" abroad, travel in America it is generally by Pullman, especially if some distance, rarely by "day coach" which would rank as "third class" here.

As I started on a trip across the continent from New York to San Francisco, I looked at myself and said, "Why not? It won't kill you." I confess, I had first looked at my pocket-book, and wondered at what cost I could cross the country. Some of my friends had been discussing a camping excursion, and I argued with myself, it will not be harder to go cross country "day coach" than to face the cots, bugs, cold and hard knocks in the Adironacks, or up in the woods of Maine. If one comes back refreshed from a camping expedition, why not from a five day coach-ride across the continent. In addition, I have always felt that it was a fine thing for everyone to test himself to discover if he was getting soft as he was getting older. If so, he'd better look out. In other words, it is well to be-

*We are glad to announce the resumption of "American Notes," by our admired and beloved colleague, Dr. Strong. Articles in this series will appear from time to time during the months ahead.—Editor.

ware of the "Pullman period" of life. When one gets to be seventy or over, it is good exercise, physically, to jump in the bus in New York and ride all night to Boston, or all night to Cleveland. If one can not sleep or rest in such a ride—he'd better inquire—why not?

So I made up my mind to do it. I mention it not to boast, for tens of thousands do it, but to relate the experience of travelling "third class" in America—a thing I had not done before in America for so long a distance, yet had often travelled "third class" in Europe. The moral, if any, is that I had an idea that Americans had become too Pullman-minded. I took the 7:45 night train out of the New York Central Station, day coach, and whirled up the Hudson, on through Rochester and Buffalo getting to Cleveland at 8:30 in the morning. I went on to Oberlin to call upon a grandson in college, and took the next train for Chicago. I got there at 10 P. M. just in time to catch the 11:45 night train on the Burlington. I had discovered that the rate to Seattle via San Francisco was almost exactly the same as direct to Seattle. So it was easy to go via San Francisco. I left New York Monday night and reached the Bay City on Saturday morning. It was nearly a continuous ride.

I may remark that the "third class," by which I mean "day coach," is generally "air conditioned." Doubtless this will be so on all roads in the near future. The seats on the Burlington were "reclining chairs." Those on the New York Central were the old style. I understand the New Haven Road has put in "reclining chairs." I am not certain from my short experience for which kind I'd cast my vote. In crossing the continent, as I recall, I had to change cars only three times—Chicago, Denver and Salt Lake City.

In travelling "third class" what are the advantages apart from the expense. One would be foolish to contend that this way was more comfortable than by Pullman—standard or tourist—but I was surprised to discover how really comfortable a trip cross country by day coach may be. One finds that he sleeps, as well, say, as he does in "camp." The coach-porter furnishes a pillow, which with a light blanket creates about as many hours of sleep as one gets at home. First morning one imagines that the night has been sleepless—but not so, he will find if he consults his watch. The washrooms are good enough for a shave every morning and "good eats" are ready at hand, by a train boy, or at the station, or of course in the dining-car. It occurred to me that a company of young people might have quite a lark, several of them, by a continuous trip together, cross country—sharing refreshments, as in camping and picnicking. Let the "Y. M." or "Y. W." organize cross continent trips third class.

There can be no doubt that one gets closer to the people in a day-coach. I was astonished at the good behavior of children of this generation. There was one or more small children in the coach—I do not recall hearing one of them cry clear cross country, an indication, I felt, that mothers know better how to care for children in these days. One learns in traveling day-coach how much paper towels have captured the American people. He has also driven into his mind that he must "watch his step." Emerson advised the people to hitch their wagons "to a star," now it is "watch your step."

There is no particular value in my observations of crossing the continent in day-coaches, except to encourage people not to stay at home for fear of discomforts. I certainly found it all right, and came through at San Francisco none the worse for the wear, and quite prepared to face the "duties of the day." It is wonderful—the variety of people, the variety of scenery—across the Mississippi, over the farmlands of Iowa, then from Lincoln, Nebraska to Denver, in one place to hear of dust-storms, in another, as at Denver, to find that a foot of snow had fallen the night before, on through the Royal Gorge, beautiful Salt Lake City which the Mormons had made as a rose to blossom in the desert, still on through the "bad lands," miles of salt, then to wonderful California—real garden state of the Union.

In all this wonderful cross-country trip if one thought he was weary and uncomfortable, he soon forgets it as sight gives way to sight, each more marvelous than the preceding. What a time for reading and thinking. Among other books I had the pleasure of reading Sherwood Eddy's "Experience" and daughter's autobiography, even as we were passing through Friend, Nebraska, where she was born, on the Burlington—also the book of my classmate, Eva Emery Dye, on "The Soul of America," a story of the Northwest, where my Seattle is situated.

Being a Yankee, I could not help observing that the whole land from New York to San Francisco needed tidying up! If I had my way and happened to be Uncle Sam, I should ask all of the citizens of the land to paint their houses and clean up the back yards. The emotional effect of such a painting up of the whole land would be equivalent to a return of prosperity, and might help to bring in prosperity. Uncle Sam could well afford to furnish the paint and brushes.

Travel "third class" cross country brings some advantages. These are mixed up with being closer to the people—also, of always being awake and ready for the "grand scenery." A Pullmanite, for example, would not see as we did a group of prisoners as they came on at Denver and went as far as Canon City. This sight is as good as a Prison Congress to provoke thought and to arouse indignation over the prison system, which creates crime instead of curing it. . . . When one, too, sees a group of school girls of many races on the Oakland Ferry as we approach the beautiful City of the Bay, and sees the girls counting the colors in the jacket of one of them, he is tempted to step up and remark that it would be a good thing for them to start a "Rainbow Club"—for all races and colors—the Joseph's coat of many colors would be a good symbol. Such freedom as this comes from "third class" travel!

That wonderful vision of Shasta, which I enjoyed for over an hour yesterday morning, I should have missed if I had been a Pullmanite—for it was 5:00 A. M. and my eyes were all ready to open on the rising sun, so clear as it lit up the great mountain as we moved clear around it. When it comes to the great sights of a trip, like Shasta, the day-coachers are like the campers in Paradise Valley as compared with the guests in the Grand Hotel—they don't have to be *called* to "see the mountain."

My testimony then as to a cross-continent "third class" day-coach trip is one of encouragement. To go straight across is not uncomfortable, quite the opposite. More people should take the trip because of the comfort of it. Day-coach travel all the way has some advantages which I have sought to point out. I suggest that my friends consult the rate-tables—which are

very low. The rate to Seattle via Los Angeles and San Francisco is very low—nearly as low as to any one of these points alone. The railroads I have been told are carrying more passengers than they did a few years ago. Certainly, the accommodations were never better.

SYDNEY STRONG

P. S. How could I have forgotten to say that I am writing in Seattle from my study at 508 Garfield Street, and I am looking down upon Lake Union and over upon the City of Hills, Lakes, Rivers and Sound —and I see ever, when "out," the unapproachable Rainier. One of earth's best views! Readers of UNITY are invited to call me up, when in Seattle, and see me. Phone Garfield 0518.

Doubt—Religious Asset or Liability?

A Jewish Point of View

Judaism is, above all else, a philosophy of life. As such, nothing human can possibly be foreign to Judaism. Judaism is a form of faith and, as such, it is also a form of doubt. This statement may seem contradictory to some, and shocking to others. Doubt is usually looked upon as a religious liability. As a matter of fact, it is a religious asset. In the history of religious thought, doubt has so often been anathematized that one is almost tempted to panegyrize it. Some two thousand years ago, when the various writings of the Jewish people, that were still extant, were gathered together and put in book form, there was quite a discussion as to whether or not the Book of Ecclesiastes, should find its place in the canon. The Book of Ecclesiastes, as you know, is a veritable encyclopedia of doubt, pessimism, skepticism, and at times almost borders on agnosticism. The reason that the Talmud gives for not excluding the book is that it ends with the words of faith: "The conclusion of the matter is this, revere God and keep his commandments; that is the whole duty of man." That, however, was a rationalization, as any student of psychology can easily appreciate; the real reason was, that Judaism never feared doubt. As a matter of fact, it welcomed it.

Owing to the teachings of one of the other great religious bodies, faith, however credulous, naive and blind, is considered a virtue, whereas doubt, however honest, sincere and penetrating, is considered a sin. This is not the Jewish attitude. "The fool sayeth *in his heart*: 'there is no God.'" According to the psalmist, the folly of the fool consists not in the fact that he has doubts but that he has no doubt. "He sayeth in his heart: 'there is no God.'"

Doubt and faith are not opposites like fire and water. As a matter of fact, they are psychologically akin. The human mind is not departmentalized. The same mental processes that create faith, create doubt. As a matter of fact, doubt, in the sense of "negative belief," does not and cannot exist. Doubt is a form of faith; faith—in something other. If, for example, I doubt—as I do—that good people always receive their reward, other than the consciousness of doing the right, you cannot say that I have no faith, because I *have* faith that righteous people frequently are not rewarded.

Bergson, the great French philosopher, said: "There is no such thing as disorder." If one were to go into a room and find it completely disheveled, one might speak of it as a disordered or disorderly room, but in a play that called for that kind of a room it would be the height of order. In other words, disorder is a kind of order that you are not looking for at that particular moment. In like manner, doubt is faith in something other than the accepted and the conventional. Faith is a kind of pay-as-you-enter street car, and the coin is doubt. People who never doubt, never think. Doubt is a dynamic force that makes faith function. A faith that costs nothing is worth nothing. Faith and doubt are the obverse and reverse of one and the same process of thought. A faith without the stimulus of doubt is like an engine without steam, like a motor without electricity, like a man without a heart. Doubting the good, makes possible the better; doubting the better makes possible the best. If it were possible to remove doubt—as it is not—we would erect a Chinese wall around the city of thought and sink into lethargy, apathy, and indifference. There would be a complete acquiescence in the "status quo," which a rural clergyman once defined as "the mess we are in."

The Book of Ecclesiastes is not the only contribution to the philosophy of doubt that was made by the Jews. There are many other passages in Scriptures that also served in this way, as a stimulus to thought. The medieval Jewish philosophers, Maimonides, the eight hundredth anniversary of whose birth will soon be celebrated by the civilized world, Halevi, Saadya, Gersonides, Bachya, Ibn Ezra, and others, all had a profound respect for the stimulating and beneficent influence of doubt on religion. The Jewish philosophers of the Middle Ages divided themselves into two schools of thought: The Maimonidean group who doubted the eternity of matter, and the Saadya group who doubted *creatio ex nihilo*.

In presenting doubt as a spiritual asset rather than a spiritual liability, as the leaders of Jewish thought have always looked upon it, it may be well to point out the influence of doubt on the history of civilization. First of all, from the point of view of the history of human thought, usually called the history of philosophy. You may recall that Aristotle defined philosophy as "the art of doubting *well*." Philosophy really began in ancient Greece because there it was that man saw the eternal question mark on the mental horizon. Men like Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Zeno, Heraclitus, Pythagoras, were men of profound faith just because they were men of profound doubt. Aristotle influenced medieval Judaism tremendously and the great Maimonides, in his volume "The Guide to the Perplexed," both harmonized Jewish thought with the teachings of Aristotle and, at the same time, modified and qualified them through an originality which was uniquely Jewish. Greek thought, at its best, however, never arose to the sublime height of ethical monotheism.

Writings like the Book of Ecclesiastes and the Book of Job, which run the whole gamut of pessimism, doubt, and skepticism, serve as an impetus in the life and thought of the Jewish people. The Book of Job, which in my judgment is one of the five greatest dramas in the world—and it is a drama and not history—might well have been called "Through Doubt to Faith." Job "saw it through" twenty-three hun-

dred years before Mr. Wells made "Mr. Brittling See It Through." As a matter of fact, it was the thought of the Book of Job that inspired Mr. Wells to write that great novel and subsequent book, "Undying Fire," which was merely a paraphrase of the Book of Job.

Only by doubting half truths is truth possible. People who hold on to their so-called "truths" will find that they have lost their "truthfulness." Truth is not an absolute entity; it is relative. It is not static; it is dynamic. It is not made; it is in the making. If that be true then only by doubting half truths can humans continue to grow and expand and develop.

It is generally agreed among scholars that Descartes formed the watershed of medieval philosophy; that modernism in philosophy began with Descartes. Medievalism had accumulated its mental rubbish like an old attic. The windows of medievalism needed washing. It was time for mental house cleaning. People actually knew more—that is they thought they did—about heaven than they did about their own cities and the crime and the degeneracy that was consuming them. Then came the great prophet of philosophic doubt, Descartes, who challenged medievalism, protested against formalism, doubted man-made creeds that had assumed divine authority, doubted dogmas with their arbitrary and artificial assumptions, dared to deny the mouthings of those who, with their "cocksureness" claimed finality. He said, as did Job, with the same seething sarcasm, scathing irony, and sardonic humor: "Surely wisdom will die with you." Descartes doubted. He then doubted that he doubted. Whereupon, he doubted that he doubted that he doubted, *ad infinitum.* Finally there was one thing that he could not doubt and he came to his first affirmation: *cogito ergo sum.* "I think, therefore, I am." With those words there was ushered in a new era. The dead past was allowed to bury its dead. Who is there who would say that doubt was not an asset rather than a liability?

Ibn Ezra, the great Jewish philosopher and poet whom Robert Browning immortalized in his famous poem by that name, did just that for Jewish thought, and Browning revealed his spirit with the words:

> Not for such hopes and fears
> Annulling youth's brief years,
> Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
> Rather I prize the doubt
> Low kinds exist without,
> Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

The beneficent positive aspect of the mental phenomena so often considered negative, namely doubt, is evident not only in the history of philosophy, but also in the history of science. For fourteen hundred years people believed in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, according to which this small planet was the center of the universe. Then Copernicus came along and doubted the Ptolemaic system and his doubts deflated man's ego, temporarily, only to permit it to become infinitely larger and be able truly to say with the psalmist: "When I consider the heavens the work of Thy hands, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Modern science was born in the birth-throes of doubt. Then came Kepler and Galileo and Giordano Bruno, who added further doubts and, therefore, further stimulus to the development of modern science. Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in 1600 by the Pope but his spirit went marching on. The heretic of one era becomes the conservative of the next. A prophet is a man who is stoned in his own age and enthroned in the next. Columbus doubted that the world was flat. His faith brought into existence another continent, destined to lead the world onward and upward. Newton doubted the physics of his day and became the forerunner of a new era. Einstein, refugee of the barbarism and paganism of modern Germany, has doubted some of Newton's teachings and is carrying the torch. Darwin doubted a six day creation and for twenty years gathered facts until the theory of evolution dawned upon him, and finally was prevailed upon to publish it, which he did reluctantly but with the hope that others more gifted might point out inaccuracies to him. The spirit of Ecclesiastes, and the attitude of the author of Job, and the approach of Socrates, all basically skeptical and challenging, have made possible a larger and more inclusive faith.

What is true of philosophy and science is also true of religion. Abraham is frequently called the first Jew. He will go down into history for two things. First, he doubted idolatry. The Talmud, in one of its statements of extreme liberalism, says that "anyone who doubts idolatry is a Jew." Abraham doubted something else that the world has been slow to appreciate. He lived in the days of phallicism—sex worship. People in those days believed that unless the first born were sacrificed, the others would not thrive. Abraham, in the story that we have in the twenty-second chapter of Genesis, was the first to doubt the righteousness of this practice. He put his protest in story form, and most people who are not critical scholars of the Bible, miss the point. It is found in the words shouted out of heaven: "Touch not the lad." That story turned the tide of civilization against child sacrifice.

Moses, another hero in the story of Judaism, doubted slavery and led his people on to freedom. He doubted anarchy and substituted laws. Elijah doubted the compatibility of the Baal worship with the worship of God and said: "How long will ye stand between two opinions?" The Prophet Nathan doubted double standards of morality, one for a king and another for a peasant, and scorned the king with the words: "Thou art the man." Amos doubted the propriety of the exploitation of the poor and the needy among people who called themselves religious. Malachi doubted man's inhumanity to man in a world sadly in need of human brotherhood and proclaimed: "Have we not all one Father. Hath not one God created us all?" Micah and Isaiah doubted the necessity of war and cried: "Beat swords into plow-shares and spears into pruning-hooks." Jeremiah doubted the value of forms and ceremonies—mere externalities—with the heart of man untouched and speaking of the Temple he said: "Is this a den for robbers? Yes, ye have made it such." In an authoritative encyclopedia of another faith, we find the words, "doubt is impossible without infringing upon the principle of authority. Faith and doubt are mutually exclusive, both psychologically and epistemologically. Doubt is not only intellectual error but moral perversity." Judaism takes just the opposite point of view. A great modern thinker said: "Doubt is the purgative, eliminative, excretive side of religious experience, as faith is its nourishing side." We are, therefore, saved by doubt as well as by faith. What a contrast to so much loose thinking—salvation through doubt.

Tennyson said: "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds." Jew-

ish thought, without exaggeration, might well paraphrase these words to read: "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in *all* the creeds."

Emerson said: "When the half gods go, the gods arrive."

Judaism answers: "When the gods go, God arrives." "On that day the Lord shall be one and His name shall be one."

LOUIS L. MANN.
(Rabbi Chicago Sinai Congregation).

What Can Be Done About These Merchants of War?

(A Special Interview with Senator Vandenberg)

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, recently re-elected from the industrial state of Michigan to a second term in the United States Senate—a Republican survival in a Democratic avalanche—and now sometimes spoken of as his party chief White Hope for the presidential nomination, in 1936, because of his incipient progressivism, talked to me recently about the extraordinary investigation of the private manufacture and public traffic in guns, armament and munitions of war, in which he is actively participating as a member, and indeed co-author, of the Resolution authorizing the inquiry. What he said was interesting—as far as it went. Like the investigation itself, and its forthcoming legislative recommendations, it would go further, if public opinion were more articulate and emphatic in its demands for reforms of the outrageous condition of affairs that has been shown to exist.

Not merely is this investigation, as I see it, the most courageous and significant proceeding of its kind in Washington since the World War; its findings are closely connected with the secret history of that war, and with all the wars and bloody conflicts, and the sinister preparations for them, that have occurred in Europe, the Far East, and South America since the termination of what the journalists are now calling "the first World War." The investigation here is the direct cause of a similar, and less extensive and authoritative one launched in England. It has had salutary repercussions in France, also, where the Commission on Civil and Criminal Legislation of the French Chamber of Deputies voted, on January 31st, last, to recommend a similar general official investigation of the relations of the French Government with munitions companies, since the War, and endorsed a bill submitted to this end, by M. Planche and several of his Socialist colleagues in the Chamber. Together with this endorsement, the French Commission has filed a lengthy report of the greatest interest, concerning the history and operations of European and American armament and munition-manufacturers. This new international effort to get at the roots of the war-system is the most encouraging sign upon the darkening international horizon, and almost the sole remaining avenue of endeavor,—short of the personal and organized mass-strike against war,—for the salvation of this generation from the horrors of another world-convulsion.

It is perfectly evident that the arms-trade is every bit as atrocious, in its dire effects, as was the slave-trade of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It is even more profitable and directly supported by governments. The facts about it are almost incredible, to those who have studied them. What is wanting, however, is an aroused public conscience, an organized abolitionist movement, a Robert Owen, an Owen Lovejoy, a Wendell Phillips, a William Lloyd Garrison, who will carry the abominable implications and the necessary knowledge of the thing to every intelligent mind and civilized elector in the nation, until they understand what is happening; and how to stop it; who will demand its abolition, and will not retreat a single inch from the demand for international security through disarmament, —and who will be heard!

In view of the present calamitous breakdown of the prolonged *political* and *technical* attempts at disarmament, this exploration and exposure of the world-wide web of war woven by the munitions-makers and their merchants of destruction, these official revelations of a great and widely ramified evil, may provide a new handle for the humane forces of moral idealism to come to grips with reality, and may culminate in international action as important as any that was hoped for, from the abortive disarmament conferences of Geneva. This offers a new and feasible objective for the peace movement.

Because of all this,—and much that cannot yet be told,—I was interested in obtaining the candid views of one of the leaders of the Senate, who is one of the authors of the present proceeding. It may be recalled that Senator Vandenberg, together with Senator Gerald P. Nye, of the Farmer-Labor Party, of North Dakota, introduced and sponsored in the Senate, last spring, the resolution which launched this epochal inquiry, with an initial appropriation of $50,000 to finance it, thereby opening a veritable international Pandora's box of intrigue, corruption, bribery, and political "hornswoggling" of nations, large and small, including the most amazing tale of collusion between high military and naval officials and private salesmen that has been revealed in many years, a part of the network of industrial and military activity which constitutes "the war system" of the world.

II

That Senator Vandenberg, and, indeed, the whole committee are not in any mood to temporize, to be put off by interested propaganda or official reticence, to accept something less than the whole truth, or to fail to get to the bottom of these dark and bloody machinations that so sinisterly affect the peace and good relationships of nations, and the independence and integrity of national policy, is encouragingly evident to any interviewer. His emphatic reply to my first question betrayed his mood and resolution.

"What are you really doing with this complicated investigation?" I asked.

"We are searching the well-springs of our recent and imminently threatening disasters," he replied. "We are uncovering a mass of unpleasant and shocking data, about the business-system and the war-system, whose importance increases as we study it."

"You expect to continue the investigation through the winter?"

"There is not the slightest doubt," said Senator Vandenberg emphatically, "that the Senate is in dead earnest about this matter; it is no perfunctory, face-saving procedure. We are vitally interested. We have already learned a great deal. We know who are the principal offenders, who are the chief conspirators against the peace and order of the world. When we

have brought out all the facts—and, mind you, we have not called any of the big ship-builders, or any of the armor-plate manufacturers, yet—when we have built a first-rate bonfire under these men, we shall, then, proceed to consider and recommend the necessary measures of reform."

"Do you anticipate that these measures will be international in character?" I queried.

"Of course," he replied, "this matter has important and far-reaching international ramifications. But there is a great deal that we can do, and ought to do, to put our own house in order, first. Having done so, we can with better grace take up the international measures of control that may be necessary."

"Your committee is agreed, as to this?"

"The committee sees eye to eye; there is no division in it as to the importance of this investigation, and our purpose to go ahead. The committee is going to have all the money, and all the power necessary to do a thorough job. Nothing in this world can stop us." And he added with a chuckle, "It would be senseless for anybody to try to stop us. . . What a grim joke it would be, if an earnest, carefully considered attempt of the United States Senate to expose and destroy the illicit profiteering which accompanies the wasteful and fabulous preparations for war, and the tragic incidence of war, should be frustated by the very forces which the Senate is seeking to unmask!"

"Well," I said, "these are very complicated and baffling matters. The newspaper reading public can hardly be expected to see through them, to say nothing of the Senate!"

He smiled, and chuckled again, not unkindly. Then he said, slowly:

"The people are interested in this matter, and they are beginning to see through it—make no mistake about that. They are awake to the mischief and the danger that is afoot in this business. I refer to the uncontrolled and unlicensed manufacture and sale of weapons —fire-arms of all kinds, large and small—and the chief munitions of war. From the pacifists and religionists on the right, to the war-veterans, the American Legionnaires and radicals, on the left, they are backing this fight, and they regard it as their own. . . Let me tell you how I got interested in it."

Senator Vandenberg then rapidly explained to me that he approached this serious matter from an almost opposite angle to that of Senator Nye and certain other senators. He is, he said, a believer in preparedness; he voted for the Vinson (big navy) Bill; but he thinks that one must know more definitely what one is preparing against.

"As I contemplated over 100 disarmament conferences at Geneva in the last 13 years," he said, "and observed the pious pretense of limiting the armies and navies; as I observed the futile paper assaults upon war (there have been more, in all probability, in the last fifteen years than in any similar historic period), while the armies and the navies and the air-fleets continued to multiply,—the whole thing came to appear to me as a preposterous paradox—a travesty. I resolved to find out the reason.

"Accordingly, I introduced on my own initiative, a resolution in the Senate, last April calling for a fundamental review of the work and underlying assumptions of the War-policies Commission, including specifically, the National Defense Act, of 1920; and authorizing, likewise, a study of the feasibility of nationalizing the principal manufactures of implements and weapons of war. What are the basic assumptions, on which we are building this gigantic armament? Who is profiting from it? If we have to buy these deadly tools, it is an outrage that anybody should make a profit from the sale of them to the Government.

"The first national convention of the American Legion set up a program, demanding that the burdens of war should be equalized, that profiteering should be made impossible. The Legion has re-affirmed that position at every convention since 1920. It cannot forget the shocking fact that the United States allowed one millionaire to be made, for every three boys killed in France, in the war to end war? Evidently, that war did not end the profiteering in war! . . In 1928, when I first entered the Senate, I wanted to do something about this matter.

"You may recall that Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution in that session calling for a review of the work of the War-policies Commission, and a study of the Legion's objectives. Secretary of War Hurley was made chairman of a special commission composed of 4 members of the Cabinet, 4 Senators, and 4 members of the House of Representatives. Exhaustive hearings were held. Recommendations were made looking to amendment of the revenue laws to provide for a 95% excess-profits tax on the earnings of all private business and all individuals in the country, upon a declaration of war, or national emergency. Secretary of the Treasury Mills rendered this recommendation nugatory by his memorandum stating that he did not consider it feasible to pass such legislation in advance of our entrance upon a war.

"Defeated then, I have never ceased to believe that this reform can, and must, be accomplished. This is the motivation of my sponsorship of the resolution, which, united with the efforts of Senator Nye, and others, has resulted in the investigation of the munitions business in this country, and its ramifications throughout the world. I am absolutely convinced that this move holds more real potentiality for the promotion of good neighborliness, and international understanding, than any peace conference that could be held—that this effort, united with other similar efforts that we hope will be forthcoming in England, France, and all the chief munitions manufacturing states, overshadows all existing so-called peace movements in importance. I particularly welcome the initiation of an inquiry in Great Britain by the British Government; I hope that we may work together to suppress the barbarism implicit in the uncontrolled manufacture and sale of instruments of slaughter."

I, then, read to Senator Vandenberg a striking sentence from an address by the American ambassador, Mr. Norman H. Davis, speaking last June, to the disarmament conference, at Geneva, on behalf of the American Government:

> We believe that adequate supervision is an essential part of any effective system of disarmament, and that controlled disarmament is the safest road to peace. . . Substantial reductions of armaments cannot but place us a long way on the road to that condition of appeasement in the world which is so essential to the establishment of peace on a just basis.

And I put this question to him:

"Do you now believe that the United States, which has lagged behind many other nations in subjecting private, profit-seeking industry to effective control, is now prepared to subject the munitions industry in all its branches to strict national, and even international, supervision, by a system of rigid licensing of all manufacture, and sale and export, operating at the source—

in the factories themselves;—or do you believe that we cannot afford to leave these dangerous industries in private hands at all, but that all the major production of instruments of war, at least, should be nationalized, as has been repeatedly proposed at Geneva by the most ardent champions of disarmament and international collaboration for the maintenance of peace?"

In posing this critical question, I ventured to supplement it with a quotation from the important British political journal *Time and Tide,* which I had just received from London, containing a special supplement of excerpts from the testimony in the U. S. Senate's first series of hearings in the munitions inquiry, and a striking editorial, which I assume to be the work of Sir Norman Angell.

Under the heading "What Shall We Do?" this interesting editorial includes the following pertinent observations:

We have already had adequate evidence in this and other investigations, to prove the case against private manufacture and sale. The official British policy is for universal and stricter government control, and full publicity of all transactions. This is not enough. The operations of Vickers-Armstrong, revealed by the Washington Enquiry, have presumably been conducted under a system of government control. In July, 1932, the French delegate to the Geneva Committee of the Disarmament Conference declared that the only solution was the abolition rather than the control of private manufacture. He was backed by the Spanish, Turkish, Polish and Danish representatives, and eventually by Lord Cecil who, on December 8, 1932, in the House of Lords, declared that the Disarmament experts had been unable to think of any effective system of control. Since then, practically every responsible peace organization in this country has demanded the transference from private to public hands of a trade so inextricably entangled with political issues.

I left this thought to sink in the Senatorial mind, and paced about the spacious office, wondering what would be its response. At length Senator Vandenberg rose and walked to meet me—a large, urbane, impressive figure of a man.

"Very interesting," he said slowly, "very."

"What have you to say to this argument?" I insisted, perhaps a little injudiciously.

"I recognize," he answered slowly, "that there is not going to be any simple, easy solution to this matter. We are going to have to study the best course to proceed with great care. We cannot accomplish the matter alone. But we can put our own house in order, first; and that is our first responsibility. After we have made these unconscionable profits impossible, we can, perhaps, unite with others in effective international control. Meanwhile, the hearings have begun—the second series—on December 6th. They will be interesting, and particularly so to thoughtful men and women in Great Britain, which is the world's greatest producer and salesman of instruments of slaughter."

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Only One Song

There is only one song for poets and that is the people's song
That rings from the toppling Babels where the meek have brooded long,
Where the vulture droops its pinions for it knows what a rime can do,
That the march of a world unshackled is only a dream come true.

There is only one cause for poets for they have been made to feel
The goad of the stinging lashes, the crunch of the iron heel
That shattered the lyre of laughter and made them at one with those
Who wait but a song to wake them, a song whose melody flows
From the heart of a world embittered; but its notes are high and clear
For the Dawn of Dawns is coming and its Messengers are here.
And will it be white or crimson? Ah, that is for them to say,
To ensoul with the hate or the mercy is bred in their hearts Today.

LILITH LORRAINE.

Men Are Not Sheep Forever

Like sheep in stony pastures
Impoverished now we seek
For bitter tufts outcropping
On rock-ledge worn and bleak.

Beyond that ancient mountain
A shining valley lies
With cooling green enchantment
To soothe our tired eyes.

Against us, hedged and herded,
The pass is closed and sealed;
We sniff the flinty crevice
And nose the barren field.

Men are not sheep forever,
And hunger storms the pass
To drink from springs of plenty
And eat of freedom's grass.

MYRTLE G. BURGER.

Trumpet Call

What are the divine voices?
From where do they come?

Where is the Isaiah of Peace,
The Paul of Freedom,
The Jesus of Love?

Our prophets live
As ardently as the men of old,
But the clanging metals of the world
Muffle and strangle their words.

On the far wind of faith
The youth with vision come,
Maids with revelation
Rekindle the flame of passion for truth,
Rekindle all who are awake.

Their voices, too, are divine.
Listen!

—The truth still has the power
To set us free.

MAUDE SUMNER SMITH.

To the Friends of Peace Everywhere

Comrades, I hear that when the age goes blind
And mad once more, they'll surely rain hot lead
And gas on cities, till the heavens are red
With cries of those the soldiers left behind.
I hear the hero-fliers will be lined
Up for a shining cross, as brave and stout
Defenders of their homes. I'd like to doubt
The prophecy, knowing that men are kind.
And still—it well may be, for war's dark trade
Narrows the widest heart. And bombers high
Above the street would never know its world
Of unearned pain, nor mark the swift graves made
For some of us who, fearing that last sky,
Whispered revolt but kept our banners furled.

ALAN JENKINS.

New Shrines—Old Gods

(From Our Special Correspondent)

A newcomer in Washington working at the Capitol, I had often seen from a distance the white temple getting ready to house the Supreme Court of the United States. Its marble is massed in the Greek style generally adopted in state capitols,—expensive and inefficient, but dear to architects, legislators, and probably the majority of citizens. White marble against the sky has its own appeal, and one day, taking time off from lobby work for my just and honorable bill to permit pacifists to become American citizens, I walked nearer.

Our glorified courthouse is indeed a majestic pile as you stand in front of its main entrance looking up the wide stairs to the double row of great fluted columns topped by the massive triangle of the pediment. Solid wings stretch to right and left from the ornamental center of the edifice, all costly marble. Will there be, I wonder, a rear entrance for the nine elderly justices to walk in on the ground floor and take a comfortable elevator? Let them *be* old! We respect the advice of our elders,—when their good sense has been proved in their prime. Holmes was never too old to be wise. Give them their elevator. Give them their due of glory. But why so many steps for ordinary tired mortals? To discourage public attendance, or only reverence for tradition? In this country of labor-saving gadgets surely the high entrance is out of character.

First let's study the symbols of the pediment, marble figures sculptured in the round. Central, the matron with her scales. But the scales aren't ready for action and she's not blindfold. Justice, no doubt. Justice waiting for something. Beside her, on either hand, martial figures—a Roman soldier with his bundle of fasces (I don't like that) and a Middle Ages fellow in Crusader's armor with a sword. Too bad! So far our highest court has worked very well without warriors. Their verdict is supreme, but it can not be enforced by military means. Mere public opinion attends to it. In this respect our Supreme Court sets an example to the civilized world. Didn't the sculptor know our proudest boast?

Next to the militarists sit what must be statesmen —two unarmed portly gentlemen, anyway, with bare heads and classic flowing robes. Beside each law-giver a bookish man consulting, no doubt, law books. Reclining and studying more books in the far corners are two more scholars. Books, books, and books! Nowhere any plain folks—neither artists nor artisans. Laws about wealth, but nothing about the makers of wealth. Justice isn't born in books, nor property either.

Below the pediment and just above the Corinthian columns look what's written, cut wide and deep into the smooth white marble entablature: *Equal Justice Under Law.* Justice is hard to define, harder to attain, but surely it's justice we aim at—not any kind of qualified justice. Seething and tumbling go unruly thoughts. "Equal" justice? What's that? Can't justice be too equal, too balanced? Verdicts are indeterminate much too often! A pebble in this pan, then in this. Hold the scales level. Keep riddles eternally unsolved. While our sore need is for insight, experience, good will—quick courageous decisions and no quibbling. Progress. Growth.

Justice to be "under law" and "equal" both at once? Justice will need to be nimble! But *what* law is justice under? Does the Supreme Court uphold the law our representatives make for us in Congress? Not if five justices vote "no." The Constitution? Yes,—by majority verdict!

By whose authority has this inscription been chosen—*Equal Justice Under Law?* Something cold and cruel there—a threat. What shall we do when the law is just and you don't like it, you nine men? When five of you name it "unconstitutional"? And if the law is visibly unjust, be it ever-so-constitutional, how long will you enforce such law? Weigh carefully every law and tell us yes or no. Law under Justices—hardly justice under law.

Do you approve of "limited" justice for our Supreme Court, fellow citizens? If you like it, then cut into another face of their white palace: *"Mercy—Strained."* Into a third: *"Liberty—Not License."* There it is written large over the eastern portal: *Justice the Guardian of Liberty.* Poor Liberty already a ward! Shall we confront the feminists across the street with the inscription: *"Fraternity—Not Sorority."* Then we shall have *liberty, equality,* and *fraternity* up-to-date,—combined with unmerciful justice.

In this Holy of Holies where justice is served out equal and strictly from books, what deity shall preside? What idol stand on its innermost altar? Mammon? The Golden Calf? Property? Let's be modern! "Security" is our god. High and low, rich and poor, young and old pay tribute to "Security." A double-headed deity, one aspect Greed, the other Fear—a tyrant old as the race—older! Snatch and grab, the law of brutes. Sacredest religion of all: *"Self-preservation."*

But *can't* all be fed? *Can't* all be happy? Does all we yearn for *really* rest on the cornerstone of other's misery? Don't let doubt assail our oldest instinct! Don't question or use logic! Follow the herd. The god of the Majority can't be a fake! Don't expose "Security" to sun and air, but keep our idol in the dim light within the shrine of *Equal Justice Under Law.* Bow down and worship—with fitting sacrifice.

Live in terror and hate your neighbor in order to be "safe." Go naked and turn your cotton into bombs. Go hungry and buy poison gas. Defenses at any cost! Big guns, tanks, battleships, aeroplanes—all for "safety." Degrade other nations to make yours prosper. Security for national rulers and cliques. Security for banks and fortunes. Safety for the few, risks for the many.

But the many work and save for security, too—always insecure! "Safety, Safety" we beg, crazed with fear, blind to fate, scrambling for wealth. "Aren't the rich secure? Aren't they happy?" They don't think so, or they could stop piling up defenses. Immunity from sorrow is the vain hope of cowards, high or low. Even the rich grow old and die. A false god is "Security"!

But cling to your property, cowards all! More law books, bigger courthouses, bigger jails. Tell your children never to give anything away. Teach them the "value of money." Save it. Invest it. Pay policemen to watch it. Offer prizes for dead robbers. Hang kidnappers. Try to be "safe." Build tabernacles of alabaster for your Ark of the Covenant, "Security,"—the last bulwark against real justice.

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD.

If I Were a Christian

A great teacher of the first century, Rabbi Hillel, has said, "Do not judge thy fellow man until thou art standing in his place." I am attempting to place myself in the position of my fellowman. One does not fully appreciate the difficulty involved in placing himself in another's position until he is actually faced with that necessity.

After all, my background, my teaching, my status has always been that of a Jew. All that I can do at this particular time is to propose certain lines of thought and action based on my own background and ideology with the hope that they will be beneficial to you within the Christian fold.

If I were a Christian, I would first of all desire to have a knowledge and understanding of my own faith and its background, an historical perspective that would enable me to better appreciate the full significance of Christianity. So often one meets with Christians who are uninformed concerning their faith. This would mean that I would have to know more about Judaism. After all, with but one exception, all the writers of the Old and New Testaments were Jews. The home and the environment of Jesus was Jewish. Surely this should offer Christians sufficient stimuli to impel them to become informed concerning the Christian and Jewish scriptures realizing the blood relationship of the founder of their faith.

I, if I were a Christian, would want to know what has taken place to Jews during the past two thousand years. The average Christian considers Judaism as a faith preceding Christianity. He often forgets that it has continued as a vital, changing, moving, living force, affecting the lives of its adherents to the present day. If I were a Christian, I would attempt to rectify this defect and consequently know more concerning Christianity and Judaism; as every Jew should have a greater knowledge of his own faith and that of his neighbors.

If I were a Christian, I would be careful in my condemnations. Within many churches and Sunday schools the crucifixion story is told in such a fashion as to cause a gross injustice against the Jews, our neighbors. This tale, by the manner in which it is portrayed, implants a cancer of hatred in the hearts of Christians, difficult to eradicate. In spite of this when we examine history, we discover that the *potestas gladiis* that is, the power to try capital offenses in Judaea, was withdrawn from Judean authorities in the year 12. Only criminal and civil cases of a petty nature could, henceforth, come before the Sanhedrim and not those that might involve the death penalty. Jesus was executed in the Roman fashion, by the Roman authorities, as a Jewish rebel against Rome. As a leader, he was liked by some and disliked by others. If the Jews had anything at all to do with his death it was but a handful of them. Yet Jews throughout the ages have been made to suffer for this imputed act. In the name of the one called the teacher of Love, has hate been implanted in the hearts of his followers. If I were a Christian, I would not want this cancer of ill-will to fester my heart and my mind. I would do all in my power to tear out this alien growth and free myself and my fellow Christians from being warped by hatred and prejudice.

If I were a Christian, I would not judge my fellow men *en masse,* i. e. by groups, we often hear people make remarks in which they include large groups. These remarks when examined critically are often proved unfounded. For example, I have heard people say that all Methodists are narrow-minded and bigoted, or that all Scotchmen are miserly. Yet we know by our contacts that there are innumerable broad-minded, liberal Methodists and generous Scotchmen. Edmund Burke, in his "Conciliation of America" before the British Parliament in reference to the American colonies, said that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people. What he said about Americans is equally true about any other group of people. Within every group, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish we may sometimes find the best and at other times the worst that human life has to offer. If I were a Christian, I would be careful in my condemnations, judge each human being on the scale of merit, follow the message of Jesus when he said "Judge not, lest ye be judged." In a similar fashion must every Jew judge his neighbors with understanding and sympathy rather than by careless condemnations.

If I were a Christian, I would try to emulate the example of Jesus by being humble. I would welcome all truth from whatever source derived whether received from ancient revelations or coming from great souls of our own day. I would try to realize that my own particular group has no monopoly on the truth. That in other hearts and minds and other groups may abide a light which might enable me to grow in spirit and lighten my path through life. If I, as a Christian, felt that my faith were superior to that of my neighbors, I would not express that superiority by words but would endeavor to prove it my my deeds. "By their fruits shall ye know them," did Jesus say. Therefore, I as a Christian would endeavor to prove the supremeness of Christianity by deeds of kindness and acts of love in emulation of the Master. In a similar way, must we as Jews be humble and prove any superiority which we may feel by our conduct.

If I were a Christian I would lay less stress on theology and more on applying my religion unto life. Theology so often merely illustrates our differences causing discord and unrest while the true purpose of religion is to lead men upward toward the divine. So often do we give lip service on Sunday rather than action on Monday. We must relate our faith to the varied forces of human endeavor. We preach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, both Christianity and Judaism claim to be universal religions. We, therefore, if we are to be truly religious, must strive to eradicate unbrotherly actions in human relations. Discrimination and prejudice, where'er they may exist, must be fought by us. I could not consider myself a good Christian while I permitted my neighbor to be injured without protest. I am happy to say that Christians in this community displayed this attitude toward the calamity that is occuring to their brothers in Germany, by their whole hearted co-operation in the recent United Jewish Appeal Drive.

Religion has preached peace from time immemorial. Our Scriptures, in beautiful language, hold up that ideal for emulation. Jesus is called the Prince of Peace and Israel says that her mission is peace. I, as a Christian, would do all in my power by word and by deed to further the advance of this ideal of my faith. When we read the "Sermon on the Mount" we

cannot help but appreciate the great humanitarian spirit of Christianity, the consideration for the weak, the poor and the miserable. If I were a Christian, I would endeavor to display that spirit by my deeds, by my life. I would wish to do all that I could for the elimination of poverty, for the care of children and the aged, for the clearing of slums and for the eradication of disease. My religion would be a means by which I would try to make our earth a better place for humankind.

If I were a Christian, I would thus try to translate my religion into action, laying less stress on theology and more on constructive endeavor for the welfare of man in co-operation with all other groups who may have similar ends. In the same fashion must every man who calls himself a Jew try to translate his religion into action, into life.

These are four points that I would try to follow if I were a Christian. First of all, I would wish to acquire a greater knowledge of my faith, its background and that of my neighbor religions. Secondly, I would be careful in my condemnations so that I may do no injury unto my neighbors. Thirdly, I would emulate the one whom I call Master by being more humble, displaying any superiority that I might claim for my faith, by my conduct toward my fellowmen. Finally, I would lay less emphasis on theology and more on living my religion, translating it into action on the highways of life. These are the things that I should try to do were I a Christian, and these are the things that I must do if I am to be a good Jew.

The ultimate goal of both Christianity and Judaism is through the worship of God to advance the common welfare of man. What the world needs today is better Christians and better Jews. In Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," the Christian monk, after hearing Nathan's story, exclaims in surprise, "Nathan, Nathan—You are a Christian! A better Christian never lived!" "The very thing," Nathan replies, "that makes me seem Christian to you, makes you a Jew to me!"

(Rabbi) Myron W. Jacobs.

Free Speech and the "Isms"

During the heat of Hearst's blatant anti-radical campaign, a Communist, a Socialist, and a sincere believer in *laissez faire* capitalism spoke to a group of youths. They spoke side by side, each occupying the floor for a time denoted by the chairman of the audience.

Each of the speakers spoke freely as he built arguments for his doctrine, and as he mercilessly tore at the structures of his opponents' theories. Yet their audience listened with tolerance. Neither the "mass minded and mass action" theory of the Communist, the picturesque mythology used by the believer in capitalism, or the strong satirical comments against capitalism used by the Socialist seemed to cause much of an emotional stir among the group of youths.

The three bitter political enemies were chosen by the officers of the Methodist Youth Assembly for the purpose that we might get a brief idea for what each of these modern "isms" stood, and that we might detach ourselves, if possible, to view these conflicting "isms" with a bit of objectiveness.

During the first session, after the Communist speaker had vehemently attacked capitalism from a number of angles, a listener next to me whispered, "I wonder—if the Communists were in power, would they stand such criticism from you or me?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I did not know.

One cannot pick a lesser member of a political party and expect him to foretell in detail what would happen if his group got into control. Still, his words would come closer to the truth than fanciful rumors passed from mouth to mouth or than propaganda spread by his political enemies.

After the first session, and with this in mind, I stopped the Communist at the door.

"What is your Party's attitude toward criticism and free speech?" I asked.

"We encourage it to the highest degree," the Communist promptly replied. "Everyone in our Party has the right to criticize and comment very openly and frankly on every issue that is taken up. We welcome criticism. No individual in our Party holds a monopoly on any question. Everything is free and open."

"But suppose the criticism comes from outside your Party?" I asked.

That was a different question. The Communist hesitated a while.

"That depends upon the nature of the criticism," he said, after carefully thinking the matter over. "If it is of a nature which may agitate a counter-revolution, we would find it necessary to do away with the person for the protection of the masses."

But who would be the judge to draw the line between that criticism which might agitate a counter-revolution and that which would not? I wanted to ask the Communist this, but he had already disappeared down the corridor.

The next day, after the second session of the "ism" class, I approached the Socialist in the same manner.

"If you Socialists were to be in power," I asked, "would criticism and controversy on governmental affairs be allowed?"

"We see no reason why freedom of speech and thought would not be allowed to the fullest extent if a non-violent transition from capitalism to Socialism were to take place," claimed the socialist. "Of course, after any violent form of transition such as the Communist Party advocates, it becomes almost necessary for the new government to curb free speech for a while. Because if a new form government comes into being by force, it must not allow any stimulants that might evoke a counter-revolution. Personally, I would like to have freedom of speech and thought preserved."

After the third and last session of our "isms" class, I approached the professor of capitalism, the man from the local Law and Order League.

"What stand do the orthodox capitalists take on this matter of free speech?" I asked.

The professor of capitalism seemed somewhat shocked by this apparently ridiculous question. "Why—why, of course we believe in free speech," he replied in his powerful bass voice. "For instance, anyone may write almost any kind of a letter he wishes, taking any point of view he wants, for the open forums in the newspapers without the slight-

est fear of prosecution. And the letter even may be published. Am I right?"

I agreed that he was.

"Of course," he added with a smile, referring to the Anti-Red drive sponsored by the Hearst papers, "we cannot tolerate state institutions propagating ideas which oppose the very principles that support them."

In the meantime a little knot of listeners had gathered about us—among them a Communist, a Socialist, an anarchist, and a radical school teacher.

"Free speech?" remarked the teacher with a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "I've been kicked out of the schools three times for speaking too freely!"

The man from the local Law and Order League laughed violently.

GILBERT OBERWEISER.

God Is

Correspondents often invite me to answer questions about God. There is an indefinable mysterious Power that pervades everything. I feel it, though I do not see it. It is this unseen Power which makes itself felt and yet defies all proof, because it is so unlike all that I perceive through my senses. It transcends the senses.

But it is possible to reason out the existence of God to a limited extent. Even in ordinary affairs we know that people do not know who rules or why and how he rules. And yet they know that there is a power that certainly rules. In my tour last year in Mysore I met many poor villagers and I found upon inquiry that they did not know who ruled Mysore. They simply said some god ruled it. If the knowledge of these poor people was so limited about their ruler I who am infinitely lesser than God than they are than their ruler need not be surprised if I do not realize the presence of God the King of kings. Nevertheless I do feel as the poor villagers felt about Mysore that there is orderliness in the Universe, there is an unalterable Law governing everything and every being that exists or lives. It is not a blind law; for no blind law can govern the conduct of living beings and thanks to the marvellous researches of Sir J. C. Bose, it can now be proved that even matter is life. That Law then which governs all life is God. Law and the Law-giver are one. I may not deny the Law of the Law-giver, because I know so little about it or Him. Even as my denial or ignorance of the existence of an earthly power will avail me nothing, so will not my denial of God and His Law liberate me from its operation; whereas humble and mute acceptance of divine authority makes life's journey easier even as the acceptance of earthly rule makes life under it easier.

I do dimly perceive that whilst everything around me is ever changing, ever dying, there is underlying all that change a living power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves and recreates. That informing power or spirit is God. And since nothing else I see merely through the senses can or will persist, He alone is.

And is this power benevolent or malevolent? I see it as purely benevolent. For I can see that in the midst of death life persists, in the midst of untruth truth persists, in the midst of darkness light persists. Hence I gather that God is Life, Truth, Light. He is Love. He is the supreme Good.

But he is no God who merely satisfies the intellect, if he ever does. God to be God must rule the heart and transform it. He must express Himself in every the smallest act of His votary. This can only be done through a definite realization more real than the five senses can ever produce. Sense perceptions can be, often are, false and deceptive, however real they may appear to us. Where there is realization outside the senses it is infallible. It is proved not by extraneous evidence but in the transformed conduct and character of those who have felt the real presence of God within.

Such testimony is to be found in the experiences of an unbroken line of prophets and sages in all countries and climes. To reject this evidence is to deny oneself.

This realization is preceded by an immovable faith. He who would in his own person test the fact of God's presence can do so by a living faith. And since faith itself cannot be proved by extraneous evidence, the safest course is to believe in the moral government of the world and therefore in the supremacy of the moral law, the law of truth and love. Exercise of faith will be the safest where there is a clear determination summarily to reject all that is contrary to truth and love. . . .

I cannot account for the existence of evil by any rational method. To want to do so is to be coequal with God. I am therefore humble enough to recognize evil as such. And I call God long suffering and patient precisely because he permits evil in the world. I know that He has no evil in Him, and yet if there is evil, He is the author of it and yet untouched by it.

I know too that I shall never know God if I do not wrestle with and against evil even at the cost of life itself. I am fortified in the belief by my own humble and limited experience. The purer I try to become, the nearer I feel to be to God. How much more should I be, when my faith is not a mere apology as it is today but has become as immovable as the Himalayas and as white and bright as the snows on their peaks? Meanwhile, I pray with Newman who sang from experience:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

—*M. K. Gandhi.*

Young India.

Ancient Life

The giant pyramids of Egypt soar with grace;
The massive stones were piled by lowly slaves to face
Sahara's drifting sands four thousand years ago;
The apex high in air—four hundred feet, but lo,
These monuments to ancient kings are lifeless—dead—
The empty chambers fill the heart with dread.

Deep in Sequoia's towering forest, bowed, I stood
Before the Sherman tree—that massive shaft of wood,
Three hundred feet in space her leafy head can soar,
Alive and growing through four thousand years and more—
This monument to God is built of living cells!
To life and time these trees are sentinels.

GRACE FRENCH SMITH.

The Study Table

Is the Church Worth Saving?

The preferred definition of the word symposium given by the Oxford Dictionary is an "ancient Greek after dinner drinking party with music, dancing or conversation." The secondary definition, which is more commonly applied to the volume under review, makes it mean a set of contributions on one subject from various authors and points of view. Although it may seem anachronistic and paradoxical to attempt any connection between the expressed opinions of these young clergymen and the Bacchanalia of the Greeks, possibly the application is not so alien in the light of a sentence by Kirby Page in his introduction to the book.* Says Mr. Page,

> Because many of the contributors to the present volume are in the forefront of the struggle for social justice, it is altogether likely that some of them will be compelled to drink the dregs of bitter persecution.

Not all of these writers will be called upon to join in this symposium in the Greek sense, but the number is impressive of those who are headed for martyrdom of some sort. Whether or not this is their fate, no responsible person will deny that in these chapters are to be found not only the story of the present disintegration of organized religion, but also the seeds of the church that is to be.

The opening and closing chapters are written by the editor of the volume, Ralph H. Read, former president of the Conference of Young Churchmen, and minister of the Hollis Avenue Congregational Church, Bellaire, Long Island. The opening note is one of tragedy—the tragedy of the Christian Church. How could any other approach be imagined if the church is to be regarded as having any bearing upon the world in which we are living, and the life which now is. This tragedy according to Mr. Read lies in the failure of the church to throw all its weight and influence into the difficult struggle for a better world.

One of the heartening and significant tendencies of the times is the fact that from so many quarters one hears the echoes of this tragic note. For example, Robert Sherwood in "The Petrified Forest" gives dramatic expression to our current misgivings. Alan Squier, the genteel vagabond, is engaged in conversation with Gabby Maple, queen of the Arizona filling station. Squier admits that he belongs to a vanishing race. He is one of the intellectuals. He confesses to Gabby that he is probably the only living person who can tell her what it is that is causing this world chaos.

> It's Nature hitting back (he declares). Not with the old weapons—floods, plagues, holocausts. We can neutralize them. She's fighting back with strange instruments called neuroses. She's deliberately afflicting mankind with the jitters. Nature is proving that she can't be beaten—not by the likes of us. She's taking the world away from the intellectuals and giving it back to the apes.

Now these eighteen young churchmen are apparently not willing to give back the world to the apes, at least without a struggle, and the chapters which follow Mr. Read's outline of the tragedy provide a bill of particulars as to how this redemption is to be enacted. Mr. Chaffee of the Labor Temple comes to grips with the issue which many clergymen must face if and when the totalitarian state steps inside the walls of the sanctuary as it has done in Germany and elsewhere under Fascism, and insists upon complete surrender to the domination of nationalism. With the alternative of imprisonment facing them, what reply will these younger churchmen make? If the determination of Mr. Chaffee is any criterion, once again it will not be to surrender to the apes.

For a brief outline of the various proletarian movements in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the United States one might travel far, and with much less satisfying reward than may be found in the chapter by Mr. Cory of the Cuyler Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. Incidentally, although it is a matter of little consequence, a roll call so far as this group is concerned would find the Presbyterians in the position of Abou ben Adhem. According to Mr. Cory the church can no longer halt between two opinions,

> . . . but must choose to serve the Baal of the moneybags and eventually be repudiated by a growingly self-conscious working-class, or else choose the stony way to a new Calvary of self-identification with the struggles of the exploited, and so laying down her life for the brethren, rise again to lead a new and classless society with her eternal moral and spiritual resources.

The recurrent theme of these chapters is the position of the church in regard to war. Herein, of course, is the acid test. If the challenge were everywhere met as clearly and with the determination of Frank Olmstead and John Elliott in the two chapters entitled "Is the Church Pacifist?" and "The Churches and World Peace," the future would hold little doubt so far as the church is concerned.

The closing chapter by Mr. Read turns on two points. First, that denominational policies in the future "must concern themselves with building inner disciplinary groups within the larger organization," and secondly, with the direction along which these groups must move. The mention of groups will arouse in the minds of a good many churchmen, as well as non-churchmen, images of house parties, a recital of experiences in which the participants instead of confessing are merely bragging about their sins, and other futilities. However, as Mr. Read points out,

> The catalogued criticisms of Barth, Buchman or Shoemaker must be expressed through improved substitutes or lose their weight.

The direction of this group discipline into socially revolutionary channels may be indicated by a few sentences. "Religion must struggle to create a new kind of state, or forfeit its right to existence." "Capital and land must be used by the people for man's salvation, and not for his destruction." "A few men did not create the surplus wealth of the economic machine. This wealth does not therefore belong to the few. It is society's and should be used by society."

These young churchmen are better Socialists than they are theologians. When for a brief moment they take a sally out into the more intangible fields of mysticism and the function of worship, the result merely serves to accentuate the vitality

*The Younger Churchmen Look at the Church. Edited by Ralph H. Read. Published by The Macmillan Company.

of the main theme. If the future dictator of America wishes to know something of the ideas and personalities by which he will be confronted, let him lose no time in becoming familiar with this book. For members of the United States Chamber of Commerce it should be required reading; while those of us no longer young in years of churchmanship, to whom such principles and objectives have long been central to the ministry of religion, will thank God and take courage.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

An Epic

Every man, Randolph Bourne once wrote, should realize that his life is an epic; unfortunately it usually takes the onlooker to recognize the fact before he does himself. We should oftener read our own epics—and write them. The world is in need of true autobiographies, told in terms of the adventure that life is . . . The epic of the humblest life, told in the light of its spiritual shocks and changes, would be enthralling in its interests.

Those words are so sure and true that every autobiography should be judged by them. Indeed, time does judge autobiographies that way, labeling most of them empty barrels, and a few of them priceless treasure because they tell with sincerity and detachment the greatest of all stories, the epic of a life. It is by this standard that Axel Munthe's "The Story of San Michele," whatever interest it may excite at the time of reading, soon vanishes from one's consciousness as so much piffle, while the "Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens" lives on and will live on to be read by one's children.

Vincent Sheean's "Personal History"* meets the test. It contains the epic quality. Its author is aware that a spiritual adventure has been going on, and his aim is to see it, understand it, plot it. This is remarkable when one considers the extraordinary amount of globe trotting the young man has done in the last fifteen years, and how he has flitted like a moth all over the earth to every incendiary spot during the 1920's, hearing more bullets whistle than Napoleon. Geneva, Spain, the Riffian wars, Persia, China, Russia, Palestine—he dashed from one to the other as a journalist seeking "adventures" for newspapers. And, one suspects at times, to satisfy his own romantic longings. To wit:

In the Spring the Corsican marquis smelled of the seven herbs of heaven. . . . This was, of all times, the time to be in Corsica, and yet the season only made me want to get away.

The cards were stacked, it would seem, for Mr. Sheean to write Richard Haliburton stuff out of political material. But no: he was really pursuing a Holy Grail, and he was being chased by a Hound of Heaven. What he deeply wanted was to understand what this troubled world is about, to find an inner core of steady reality beneath its turbulent surfaces, to discover the right relationship between "the one and the many." The white light flashed upon him on the road to the Chinese revolution, and it emanated from the person of Rayna Prohme. The story, therefore, became a Pilgrim's Progress, and is now told as such.

Malcolm Cowley might find here a fake salvation, as he found in Waldo Frank's "The Death and Birth of David Markand," for the hero confesses at the end that he can take "no part in the direct struggle by which others (Rayna Prohme foremost among them) attempted to hasten the processes that were here seen to be inevitable in human history." But he has seen, he feels, the symbol of human destiny, has felt its urgency and come, in his own way, to terms with it. He has accepted the "idea in the world mind corresponding to what, in books, is called the collectivist philosophy and view of history." He confesses to being no good in journalism or politics or any kind of direct social action; but he has found "a view"—the right view, the long view, the comprehensive view, the only view that gives life and history any sense and meaning.

HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER.

*Personal History. By Vincent Sheean. Published by Doubleday, Doran. $3.00.

Americans For India

Dr. Sunderland, war horse in every good cause, but especially in the cause to which he has given his heart and life, the freedom of India, has made another valuable contribution by the book under review.† Written for his friends in India, and published there, it is a series of biographical sketches of distinguished Americans, especially those whose lives and words have been prophetic contributions to the free life of America. The list is as follows; Lincoln, Emerson, Garrison, James Russell Lowell, Paine, Longfellow, Holmes (senior), Channing, Alice Stone Blackwell, Lucy Stone, Whittier, Dole, Julia Ward Howe, Greeley, Charles William Eliot.

It is quite impossible in a brief review to give in any detail an account of each one of the biographies. But it can be said without hesitation that Dr. Sunderland has made a real contribution to American biographical literature. As one reads these characterizations one can see and hear Dr. Sunderland with his exhaustless enthusiasm enunciating the principles which he has himself so well exemplied in his long and useful life. Some future edition of this important book should carry as the sixteenth biography the story of Dr. Sunderland himself, fit hero of freedom to be classed with the fine galaxy which he has created.

The book is to be commended to its Indian readers. It will give them a view of our American tradition which it will be hard to find anywhere else in equal brevity and cogency of expression. Notably valuable to American readers, as well as to the friends in India, are the copious quotations from the writings and sayings of these heroes and heroines of our national life. Leaders of classes and youth groups would find this a noteworthy hand-book of reference as an introduction to more extended study of the characters sketched. Public speakers will welcome the collection of epigrammatic and sententious sayings from Emerson, particularly, but also frim the subjects of the other sketches. Greetings and thanks to Dr. Sunderland, to his publisher, Mr. Chatterjee, and to his readers at home and abroad!

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

Europe's King of Kings

Charlemagne,‡ Europe's king of kings, immense, vague, far-off, cloud-wrapped, yet first of the moderns, rises in person at Douglas Woodruff's austere invocation, to dominate a full-vistaed drama of Europe's pre-Homeric age. Followed by his paladins, Roland and Olivier, he gallops again the pass at Roncesvalles; again with Frankish hammer he smites the Saxons and Avars hip and thigh; again, amidst the immemorial

†Eminent Americans, Jabez T. Sunderland. Published by R. Chatterjee, Calcutta.

‡Charlemagne. By Douglas Woodruff. Published by Appleton, 1935. $1.50.

pageantry of Rome, he is crowned lord of the Holy Roman Empire. And, in a day when, although kings no longer rule, Caesar's shadow stalks the world as never before, the magistral outlines of that career may with interest be retraced: wherefore, we proceed to resume Charles the Great, otherwise Carolus Magnus, or Charlemagne.

Preluding his production by an arousing fanfare of trumpets, Mr. Woodruff at once raises a massive curtain richly inwrought with golden legend, to reveal full-length the personality of his astonishing protagonist—a feat which previous biographers over a thousand years have attempted in vain. After the customary opening bow (revealing Charles in all his glory), the spectacle, with ruined Rome as background, proceeds upon its way: Charles' victorious ascendency over the Franks upon the shields of Clovis, Pepin, and Charles Martel; the mysterious downfall of his brother Carloman; his conquest of Lombardy; a stupendous slaughter and baptism of the adjacent Saxons; Charlemagne's valiant championship of Pope Hadrian, culminating in his equivocal coronation by the latter; sunlit splendors of Europe's renaissance at the court of this new Caesar, where Eginhard, Alcuin, and their ilk, clustered like stars celebrating the seven nascent arts—all this: and the gradual metamorphosis of this semi-barbaric border chieftain into the Charlemagne of eternal legend, that Valhalla of kings where rule, side by side, Arthur Pendragon, Mark of Cornwall, Hercules, Harun al Rashid, and Prester John.

Thus the drama marches to its foregone conclusion, accompanied by the peal of trumpets, the clank of castle portcullises, and the tinkle of monastery bells, tinged noticeably with a little of the tedium which touched that far-off medieval world. As might be expected, Charlemagne himself, "first and greatest of the Emperors of Christendom, the leader of the faithful and their reply to Islam," most omnipotent despot of his day, rules with equal absolutism over this reconstruction of that day, maintaining his sway until finis; and the spectacle closes, appropriately enough, with *The Song of Roland,* commemorating not only the valor of those matchless comrades-in-arms who perished in the pass at Roncesvalles, but their infinitely greater master, who, before entering upon his apotheosis in legend, takes final bow to the ages: a colossus of iron and flame, strong, valiant, wise, and just: imperceptibly "transmuted into an immortal figure of strength and wisdom, matchless, majestic, benign, of more than mortal strength, the anointed and chosen of God, the pledge and symbol of Christendom faithful and secure."

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

Correspondence

Handouts Across the Sea

EDITOR OF UNITY:

The Daily Telegraph, London, England, prints an interview, by their "own correspondent," with Mayor William N. McNair, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who stated that Viscountess Astor, M. P., receives an income of £20,000 per day—more than £7,000,000 a year—from her New York real estate. Mayor McNair, who was visiting New York, said he would repeal all taxes except those on real estate, and these would be so graded as to fall entirely on land, leaving buildings exempt. This plan of taxation in Pittsburgh has progressed so far as to make the tax on improvements half that on the land. The Mayor's bill now before the State Senate, would make the ratio 5 on land and 1 on buildings. He said in the interview:

> Anyone can see that this huge income should be more heavily taxed. . . . The English government takes half of it. Why should not the city of New York take its share too?

The Philadelphia *Inquirer,* May 6, in a new report says:

> Mayor McNair apparently has a fellow single taxer in the State Senate, Sen. John J. McCreesh, a Philadelphia Democrat. . . . In 1948 Philadelphia would pay 95 per cent of taxes on land values. Their columnist in "Girard's Talk," exclaims—"Page the ghost of Henry George and tell him that his soul goes marching on!" Bill 1142, introduced into the Pennsylvania Senate would eventually put Philadelphia on a single tax basis, or within 5 per cent of that standard. . . . There you see what good old "unearned increment," so eloquently exploited by Henry George, would have to do in shouldering tax levies.

A bill to increase the tax on land and exempt improvements has been introduced into the State legislature of Minnesota, also.

A letter from Palestine says:

> I write beside the Sea of Galilee—a beautiful and restful scene. This exquisite lake was once surrounded by woods and towns, vineyards and olive trees and palms. . . . Where the Jewish colonists have settled the land smiles again in orange groves. . . . Where the Arab cultivates he scratches the earth with an antiquated plough. Land values have gone up (for orange land £1,200 an acre), in the towns they rise monthly . . . sand dunes bought at £1,500, and up, per acre. In the Purim festival a procession at Tel Aviv . . . showed the enemies of the past and present—the slavery in Egypt and the persecution of Hitler, and it showed also the dragon of Land Speculation. In the evening the dragon was burned with contumely. Everybody cries out against it. The government wants to find out how to prevent it.

"Page Henry George," the latter-day Moses; follow him and emancipate the land, and in so doing enfranchise the soul of the whole human race.

WINIFRED B. COSSETTE.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Suggestion for a Uniform National Currency

EDITOR OF UNITY:

I submit the following plan for monetary and fiscal reform:

The United States Government should:

1. Issue one uniform national currency based upon, and secured by the Natural resources and wealth of the nation, including gold and silver in the Treasury; the taxing power of the government, and the integrity of its people. Flexible to meet the nation's requirements.

2. The gold and silver in the Treasury to be treated as a commodity and *not* as money with a fixed value. Its use to be confined to its legitimate demand for commercial purposes, and for the settlement of trade balances with those nations who persist in the practice of using these metals for their monetary basis.

3. The law of supply and demand should govern in fixing the price of these metals, and the price might be arrived at in the following manner.

For example: Assuming that the world's supply of monetary gold is 600 million ounces and assuming that the United States should reasonably be in possession of 30% of this amount, or 180 million ounces. Then, when the stock of gold in the Treasury shall approach or exceed 35% of the world's supply the price shall be lowered to a point where it will reduce the stock to about 30%. On the contrary, if the gold in the Treasury shall diminish to a point where it approaches or drops below 25% of the world's supply, in

that case the price shall be increased until the stock in the Treasury shall have been increased so as to approximate the 30%.

The same principle should be applied to silver.

4. Take over the entire Federal Reserve System by the payment to the member banks the amount of their capital stock of about $146,000,000.

5. Liquidate the Federal Reserve banks and retire all Federal Reserve bank notes, National bank notes and all other forms of U. S. money except minor coins.

6. Retire all government bonds and other United States government obligations as fast as they become payable, or sooner.

7. All payments and retirements to be made in the New Uniform National Currency.

May I add in the way of explanation:

I think we all agree that money is not wealth. It is simply the medium by which we facilitate the exchange of one form of wealth for another. Such being the case, what could possibly better serve as a medium of exchange than the United States Government debt expressed in the form of currency.

S. O. SANDERSON.

Rochester, Minnesota.

Welcome Aid

Editor of UNITY:

Wishing to aid in your "Unity Forward March" I herewith enclose my check for four dollars in accordance with your proposal for new and renewal subscriptions for my renewal of Unity and a new subscription for my daughter. O. B. H.

As to Taxation

Editor of UNITY:

Macaulay did not believe in democracy. After every revolution, he said, former property of the rich was taken over by the poor, and, under democracy, he thought this was bound to happen. He predicted that, after all the free land in the west was gone, a time would come, even in the United States, when the "vested interests" of the few rich men would no longer be looked upon as sacred by the great multitude of the poor. His prophecy has lately been reprinted.

This recalls Ralph Waldo Emerson's comment upon an appeal for the "vested interest" of the slave-owner in his human property. Emerson wrote:

> Pay ransom to the owner,
> And fill the bag to the brim.
> Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
> And ever was. Pay him!

A. S. B.

Boston, Mass.

Appreciation

Editor of UNITY:

Please accept my fullest appreciation and gratitude for your generous kindness in continuing my subscription to UNITY in consideration of my lost currency for renewal while in transit to your treasury.

Should financial prosperity ever unexpectedly come to me, I shall joyfully remember to make you liberal compensation.

UNITY affords me invaluable information and profitable reading.

M.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 142)

them through the glorious deeds that translated them into immortality.

The one who unselfishly risks his life in an attempt to save another reveals the soul within him and rises to the very pinnacle of heroism in its highest form.

Some who sleep here faced death in mine, in factory and in mill, the flames of a raging conflagration, or the waters of a lake, a river or the sea; while others calmly held their place at the microphone, the telegraph keys, or the telephone, to give a warning, or to spread an alarm, but all are united in the supreme offering they gave to save some one from death or to avert disaster. Their deeds were not accompanied by the roar of artillery or the clash of arms, but represent the human spirit stripped bare from the influence of honors or rewards, to give help and rescue at the gates of death.

While our country continues to produce such heroes as these whose bodies hallow this ground, we shall have confidence, and not despair, that the spark of divinity shall be forever kept alive upon the altar of the heart of humanity.

We offer them today the beauty and the incense of the flowers which we strew upon their graves, but from their heroic deeds an incense has ascended into the skies that brings heaven closer to earth in the last great crisis that faces humanity at the junction of time and eternity.

Headed for War

The United States is headed straight for war. If present American policies are continued there will be a major conflict in the Pacific in this very decade. So delicate has the situation become that there is danger that we will be at war with Japan inside of two years. We do not believe that the American people sense the imminence of this crisis. We do not believe that they realize where the policies of the administration are carrying them. We do not believe they would approve if they did. But unless they wake up and make a mighty protest, a protest that is nation-wide and unmistakable, American manhood will once more be thrown into the shambles — and soon.

This is alarmist talk. It is meant to be. The signs of the times are too clear to be misinterpreted. They are too threatening to be disregarded. Japan has been made to feel that she is surrounded by a ring of enemies. Her people are absolutely convinced that we have hostile intentions toward them. She has denounced the naval treaty largely because she believes that a 5-5-3 ratio implies her inferiority and our hostile designs.

With this psychology it needs little imagination to realize the effect on the Japanese people of the recently announced war preparations of our government. President Roosevelt's projected expenditures for national defense mark an all time American record for peace-time expansion in the land, sea and air services. The navy's first line is to be put two thousand miles out into the Pacific. Air bases stretching from Alaska to the Panama Canal, a budget for all this of more than a billion dollars, and P. W. A. funds intended for relief thrown into the naval hopper.

But still more threatening to the peace of the world are the proposed naval maneuvers in the north Pacific announced by Admiral Joseph M. Reeves apparently with the approval of the president. These maneuvers scheduled to begin May 3 are to take place in our own waters—but the Aleutian Islands which are part of our possessions stretch well on toward Japan. In fact, if the Japanese fleet decided

to maneuver at the same time, it could still stay in its own waters and be within easy striking distance of our fleet. We do not know that they will but they would have a perfect *right* to do so just as we have a *right* to maneuver in the region proposed. The possibilities in this situation are so grave as to be staggering. By airplane these fleets would be within a few hours of each other. Are all our air pilots and the Japanese air pilots so perfectly disciplined and controlled that no one would consider starting something "on his own?" Fanatic patriotism respects no laws.

Moreover, peace-loving Americans must be realistic enough to know that there are men high in our political and industrial life who at this juncture would actually welcome a war. It would temporarily pull us out of the depression. There is real danger at this point. If recovery measures fail there will be increasing pressure upon the administration to seek this way out.

Thus there comes more quickly than we thought a supreme test for the church of Jesus Christ. Have our peace resolutions mean anything? Have they been mere words? Now is the time for Christians who have seen that war is sin to say so boldly before it is too late. In every church in our land meetings of protest against these provocative naval maneuvers must be held. We must take the lesson which has been driven home to us by Father Coughlin and William Randolph Hearst and deluge the President and Secretary of State Hull with letters and telegrams of unmistakable protest. Let the conscience of the Christian church speak so that even war lords and politicians may hear.

We are headed for war. Present administration policies can have no other outcome. There is nothing that can stop them but a mighty shout of protest from the Christian church.

—*The Presbyterian Tribune.*

A Rare Bit of Irony

The following letter appeared one morning last month in the *Boston Herald* apropos of the recent slaughter of 56 deer on the island of Nantucket, most of the deer having been so long protected that they had come to look upon men as friends and not as heartless hunters quick to kill them when the first chance offered: To the Editor of *The Herald:*

The aspersions cast upon the deer-hunters of Nantucket should be resented by every red-blooded American. What is our country coming to unless our younger generation is given an example of unflinching heroism and dogged endurance by these superb sportsmen? Just as the Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton, so our enemies in the next war will doubtless be gloriously repulsed by these intrepid and adventurous spirits. Think of the courage and determination required to penetrate the jungles of Nantucket and face the ferocious man-eating buck in his lair!

There is no sport quite so mysterious as this one. To march steadily up to an unsuspecting creature whose luminous eyes and gentle aspect would disarm an African savage; to shoot him down in cold blood; to pose proudly for one's photograph beside the corpus delicti; these are the noble deeds of sportsmanship that stagger the imagination! . . .

—*Leonard A. Monzert* in
—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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